

The Ingram \$5,000 Contest *has started* an International Row!



TEXAS
BACKS THE TUBE

CANADA COMES
OUT FOR THE JAR

What do you think?

INGRAM'S \$5,000.00 contest long ago overflowed America into Canada! The battle of tube vs. jar has now reached almost every country where men want Cool shaves!

Mr. Crawford, our Southwestern Manager and a tall Texan, too, is certain that the new tube will win by a mile! But our Canadian head, Mr. Stenhouse, backs the blue jar, which, even before the tube was thought of, made such extraordinary strides in sales!

At headquarters, too, opinions

are divided, and lots of hot arguments break out here at home.

What's your opinion? It's a simple contest, easy to enter—free from bother and red tape, and an excellent test of your business judgment.

Shortly before January 1st, Ingram's went on sale in the new tube. Of course, it's still sold in the blue jar as well. And the tube sells for the same price.

All you are asked to do is to submit your opinion of how well

the new tube will sell this year—as compared with the jar. You have plenty of time to enter the contest. There are 328 chances to win!

Here's a Little History to Help You:

Originally placed on the market in the blue jar, Ingram's has climbed steadily to a place of world-wide prominence. For this velvet-smooth, cooling cream brings a bracing and refreshing sensation to the faces of all men who try it! Its three special cooling and soothing ingredients tighten and tone the skin while you shave. With Ingram's you can shave closer. And your skin will be innocent of those fiery little razor nicks that make shaving an ordeal for so many men!

The figures below show how successful Ingram's has been. Sales for the last four years were as follows:

1926	751,392 Jars
1927	1,148,628 Jars
1928	1,560,828 Jars
1929	1,992,998 Jars

INGRAM'S





"The Tube is a Pipe!" says C. M. Crawford, Manager of Southwestern Branch.

"There's a superstition, or maybe it's a fact, that all Texans are good guessers. My guess is that the new Ingram tube will win this contest in a walk. How many men prefer a tube? Nearly all of them—in this country at any rate! So I pick the new Ingram tube to win—and win by a mile!"

C. M. Crawford



"The Jar can't Lose!" says J. G. Stenhouse, Manager of the Canadian Branch.

"Texas to the contrary, the old Ingram jar has always been the All-American favorite. A million shaving men are used to it—they like it. If likes and dislikes could be changed in a day, I might advise you to back the tube. But my tip is that the jar will end with a good big lead."

J. G. Stenhouse

328 Cash Prizes

Some men, we know, prefer a tube. But a million men already swear by the blue jar that lifted Ingram's to its outstanding popularity today!

To make Ingram's obtainable in a form attractive to all men, we've brought out the new tube to take its place beside the jar. Remember—it's all the same cool cream...cool...Cool...COOL...COOL. The difference rests only in the packaging.

We don't know ourselves whether the tube or the jar will make the biggest success. Both are going fast. See the column to the right for details of the contest. And think, for a moment, of the sales figures for the jar, printed on the page to your left. Note how sales have grown. Consider the relative merits of the jar and tube.

Then write, in 75 words or less, how you think the new tube will "go over"—how it will sell in comparison with the famous old jar and what effect

it will have on the established sales of the jar. Predict, if you like, just how many tubes will be sold. Neatness, brevity and logic of reasoning, not your prediction, will be the factors that count in awarding the prizes.

To the 328 contestants who submit the best opinions, we'll give \$5,000.00 in cash prizes as follows:

First prize \$1,000.00
Second prize \$500.00
Third prize \$250.00
Next 325 prizes . . each \$10.00

Have you ever tried Ingram's? It brings a brand new sensation and luxury to your morning shave. You'll know it's different when first you put it on your face. For Ingram's is the pioneer cool shave.

We'll gladly send a 10-day supply of cool Ingram shaves free on receipt of the coupon. But, whether you use Ingram's or not, enter the contest. Don't delay! Do it today!



SHAVING CREAM

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

1. Contest closes at midnight, December 31st, 1930. Entries postmarked later will not be considered. To insure absolute fairness, we have engaged Liberty Magazine to act as the judges. Their decisions will be final. Names of winners will be published as early as possible in 1931.
2. Contest is free and open to any person except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (the makers of Ingram's) and Liberty Magazine, and their relatives. You need not buy nor subscribe to this or any other magazine, nor buy or use Ingram's Shaving Cream, to compete.
3. You may submit as many opinions as you wish during the period of the contest, but none must exceed 75 words in length. Submit each opinion on a separate single sheet of paper, legibly written or typed on one side only, your name and address at top.
4. If two or more contestants submit opinions of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each.
5. Address Contest entries to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Box 366 General Post Office, New York, N. Y. Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

Clip Coupon for 10 COOL SHAVES

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM
Box 366 General Post Office
New York, N. Y.

I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

(Coupon has nothing to do with contest. Use only if you want free sample.)

"Business is Business"

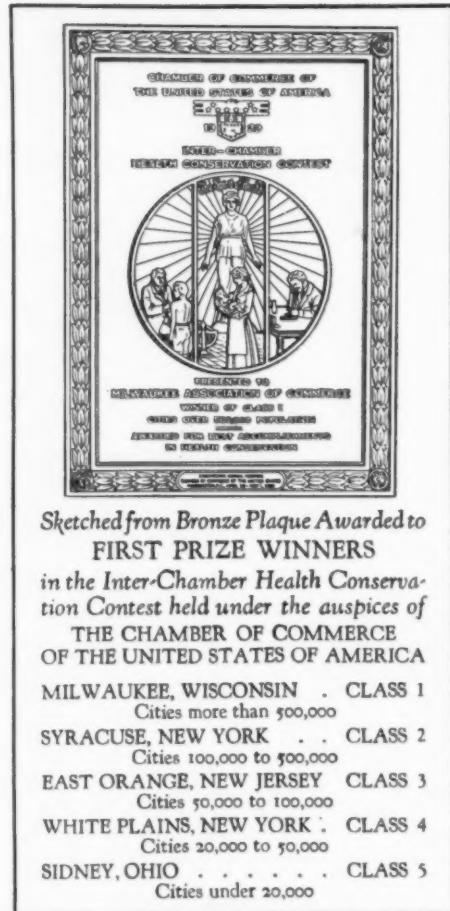
SOME years ago it was thought that Big Business had to be hard-hearted in order to be successful. Today, people know better and employers have learned that they get more faithful service and are more successful if their employees are contented and healthy.

Today we take comfort in the assurance that medical and health scientists, philanthropists and humanitarians have the solid backing and support of the biggest business men in the country. And, modestly, Big Business gives as its reason for lending its powerful, invaluable support—"business is business."

Cities which have promoted and are promoting far-sighted health programs are reaping rich rewards. Their citizens are happier and their cities offer attractions to new industries and to people of wealth and leisure.

When the Chamber of Commerce of the United States offered prizes last year to cities which would do most to improve health and sanitary conditions, 140 cities entered the National Health Conservation Contest. This year it is expected that a larger number will compete for the Bronze Awards.

Statisticians estimate that there is an



annual loss in the United States of billions of dollars due to the needless loss of lives. When these lives of valuable workers are sacrificed, their families suffer and the cities in which they live are made poorer.

If you live in a city which wants to reduce its death-rate, your city's business organization (Chamber of Commerce or Board of Trade) may obtain the active cooperation of America's greatest business organization, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

Last year health experts visited 80 of the cities which entered the National Health Conservation Contest. Your com-

munity may obtain the advice of such expert health counsel as may be needed, free of charge. A trained health expert will visit your city and search for danger spots. He will make recommendations for a constructive health improvement program which you can help to carry out.



For full information regarding health programs and the National Health Conservation Contest, the Secretary of your Chamber of Commerce or other similar body should address the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States of America at Washington, D. C.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

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Li + e



The Fuller Brush man meets radio competition.



"Here I sit gorging myself, and you haven't will power enough to make me stop."

Mussolini Pauses For Lunch

(Mussolini's office. The characters are Mussolini and several others who move so swiftly in his presence that we know them simply as voices.)

VOICE: Good morning, sir.

MUSSOLINI: I'm very well.

V.: There has been an earthquake.

M.: What? Another? I ordered those earthquakes stopped.

V.: They misunderstood you. All the buildings fell down.

M.: Get out of here and go put them up again. Send the fire department out home to say I won't be there for lunch. Have the hose cart bring me a reel of spaghetti.

V.: Yes, sir.

M.: Where's the reel of spaghetti I ordered brought?

V.: I hear the fire department's siren now, sir.

M.: Siren? That reminds me!

Have a stenographer copy this message to King Carol off of this cuff.

V.: Yes, sir.

M.: Here is the other cuff. There is a message to Herbert Hoover on it. Have the firemen bring in the spaghetti.

V.: Would you care to remove your shirt, sir? You might spill sauce on that message to Stanley Baldwin.

M.: Take it. Bring my black shirt. Give me the end of that spaghetti.

V.: Here's the spaghetti end, sir.

M.: Now stand clear of the handle on that hose reel.

V.: I hope you enjoyed your spaghetti, sir. Something else?

M.: Not today, waiter.

V.: We have some nice zoup. Nice exparagras, honyon, and wegetable.

M.: That reminds me of something. Send a stenographer out home to copy a letter. She'll find it written on the

wall by the telephone. It's to the King of Greece. I'll skip the soup, waiter.

V.: You like some nice roasbif?

M.: Well, bring it in. Wait! I need some exercise. Send a man out to play nine holes of golf for me. Better tell him to make it eighteen holes. I never do things by halves. Do I?

V.: No.

M.: I thought not. Where is that roast beef I ordered?

V.: Here it is, sir. Now you like some nice French pastry?

M.: Take a letter to France. Tell them I'll do as I please. Tell them I make my own decisions and make them instantly. I know my own mind, I do.

V.: Here's the French pastry, sir. Which one do you choose?

M.: H'm. That chocolate eclair . . . no . . . wait a minute . . . let me see . . . the cocoanut . . . no . . . maybe that Napoleon . . . oh, just leave it here!

—Tom Sims.

Means To An End

MOTORIST'S WIFE: What lovely, fleecy clouds! I'd just like to be up there sitting on one of them.

MOTORIST: All right. You drive the car.

Discretion

"How long has Meeker been married?"

"For twenty awed years."

And Maybe Collected

"Did Joe get excited when the producer asked him to write a theme song?"

"No, he was calm and composed."

Incredible

GANGSTER'S WIFE: You're an hour late to dinner. Where were you?

GANGSTER: I'm sorry, dear, but I was arrested.

GANGSTER'S WIFE: Say, do you expect me to believe that?



"You're getting warmer!"

Rebellion

... and so, my dear,
When I had mastered euchre
They said: "Oh, do try whist,"
Then bridge became the fashion:
When I absorbed the gist

Of this, along came contract—
A murrain and a damn on
All your fads and fancies—
I will not learn backgammon!
I will not, dear . . .

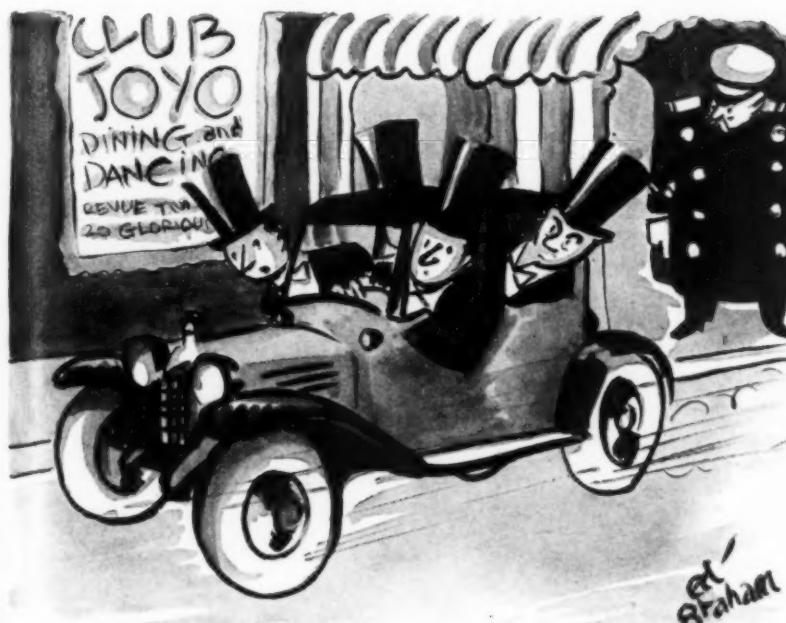
—W. T. F.

Speed

Tests show the human voice travels from coast to coast by radio in less than one second. No sooner said than said.

We're For It

If alarm clocks had never been invented few of us would arrive at the office on time; but then, as compensation, there would be the fact that alarm clocks had never been invented.





"Tell us some more about 'Sonny Boy,' Mrs. Peebles."

An Age Of Miracles

This is an age of miracles. Science has done wonders. Nowadays a luxurious giant liner can go across the ocean in four and a half days . . . Which means that Al Gratz of 231 Hinker Avenue, can receive in ten days a post-card saying: "Paris is sure a swell city. Wish you were here—Gus."

Automobiles can now cover twenty miles in ten minutes with comparative safety . . . Which means that William Giffus can drive his girl friend to the Four Corners Opera House in time for the first performance of Mazie Mayhem in "The Price of Passion."

Words can travel from one continent to another in a fraction of a second . . . Which means that Charles Denbeigh, visiting British author, arrived in New York two hours ago, can cable his story: "What's Wrong With America And Why" and have it printed in his home paper the same day.

Every conceivable type of foodstuff can now be put up in cans . . . Which means that Mrs. Oscar Shrdlu can stay to the end of the Women's Club discussion of the Blonde-Who-Just-Moved-Into-Town-Last-Week, and still have time to get dinner for her husband.

There is not a city in the country without telephone service . . . Which means that at quarter past nine Joe Larson can call up Mary Tripler (who is in the middle of a particularly exciting bridge hand) and say: "Guess who this is?"

—Parke Cummings.

Make Them Be Good

(Evidence found in the foreign press of a spontaneous world-wide movement to compel women to retain their natural sweetness, purity and sanctity in spite of themselves.)

At Weimar, Germany, the Minister of the Interior, Herr Frick, forbade women to pose in the nude before art classes.

At Cairo, Egypt, the National Parliament is passing a law to forbid women to wear dresses with short sleeves on the public streets.

At Bregenz, Austria, the Feldkirch Church authorities forbade women to attend services unless their dresses extended from an inch below the neck to half way between the knee and ankle.

At London, England, the British Army Boxing Association forbade women to attend their boxing bouts because these were "not edifying spectacles for them."

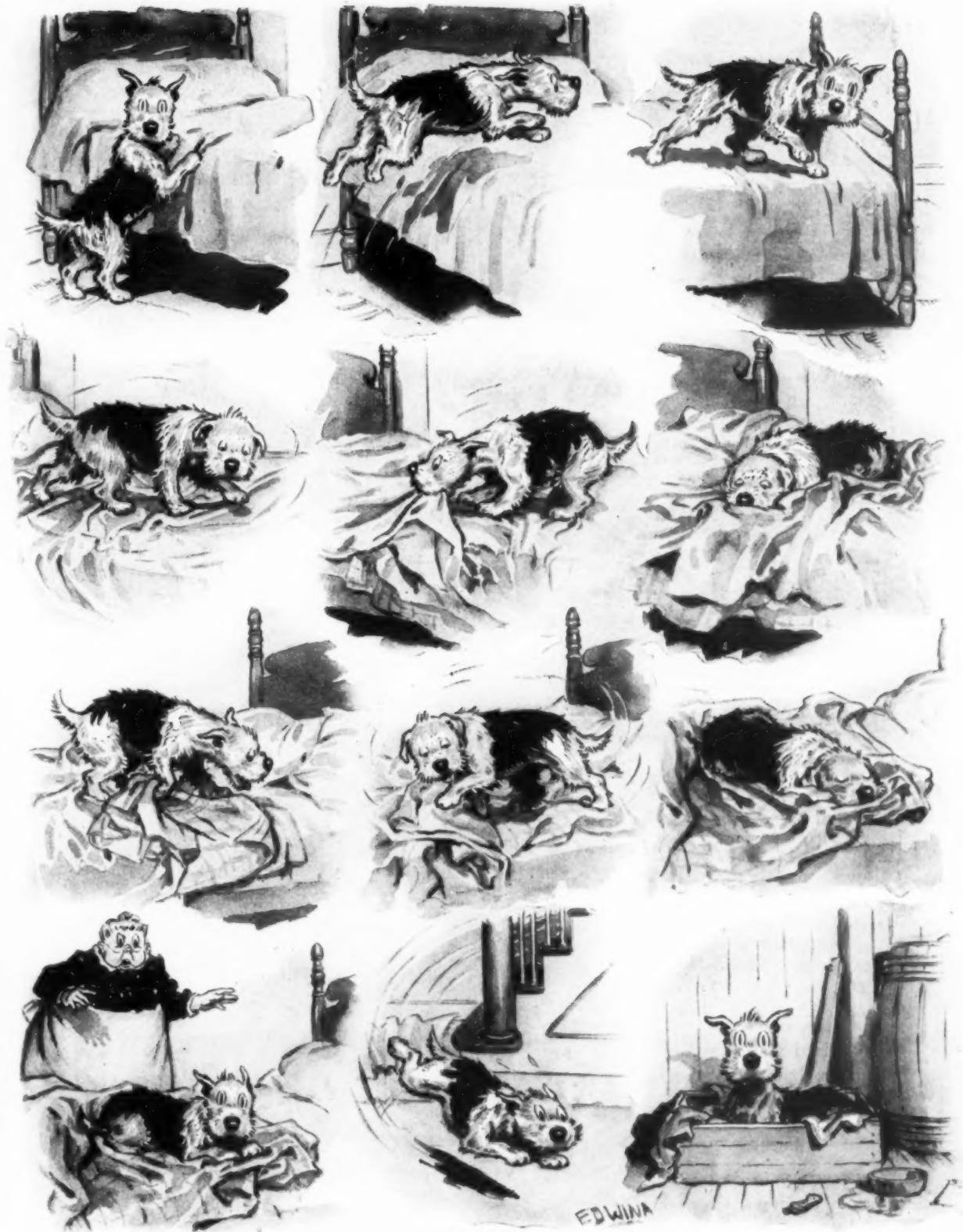
—W. E. Farbstein.

Change

The little girl who used to want an all-day sucker now just wants one for evenings.



A gallery suggestion for tournaments on Tom Thumb courses.



SINBAD

Good Night!

(7)



Our gardener can think twice as well with a rake as he can by hand.

Resemblances

He: Goofus claims to have something in common with Einstein.

Him: Goofus? Why, he's dumb as an ox.

He: I know it. But he says his wife doesn't understand him.

So, She's the One

The old-fashioned girl, who disappeared several years ago, was sighted recently. She entered a cigar store and said to the clerk: "I want a package of cigarettes. They are for my brother."

Or Sell Books

"Well, Joe, old kid, I landed a job in a drug store."

"Why, I didn't know you could cook."

Honestly, Can You?

A true test of generosity is the ability to give a hat check girl a quarter without wondering if a dime would have been enough.

Testimonial

There was a little girl
With a pert peroxide curl
Who was known as a peppy little petter.
When she was good
She was very very good
But when she was bad she was better!
—Arthur L. Lippmann.

Never Know

Not even the shrewdest observers of the slump in the drama would have guessed before the coming of Tom Thumb, that New Yorkers would soon be playing golf in the heart of the theatre district.

Good Hunting

"Any good shooting on your farm?" asked the hunter of a farmer.

"Splendid!" replied the agriculturist. "There's a threshing-machine salesman down in the meadow; a farm relief congressman in the hay loft; a vacuum cleaner peddler in the house; a radio salesman coming in the front gate; a candidate down at the barn, and two tramps in the corn crib . . . Need any shells?"



"Send up a couple of mongooses right away, for gawd's sake!"



"But precious, why didn't you think of that before?"

Simple Arithmetic

By BERTON BRALEY.

Ten little gangsters, selling gin and wine,
One drank his "special stock"—then there were nine.

Nine little gangsters, full of "hop" and hate,
One tried a "private graft"—then there were eight.

Eight little gangsters, up to crooked tricks,
Two double crossed the rest—then there were six.

Six little gangsters, dancing in a dive,
One copped another's girl—then there were five.

Five little gangsters; two went on a spree,
Met up with another gang—then there were three.

Three little gangsters swore that they'd be true,
One turned his back a bit—then there were two.

Two little gangsters, divvying up the mon,
One tried to grab it all—then there was one.

One little gangster with his little gun
Stuck up a whiskey truck—then there was none!

...
Ten little gangsters, all dead and done,
Which did the coppers catch? Notta darn one!

Mrs. Pep's Diary

by
Baird
Leonard

AUGUST 28—Awakened betimes from one of the most horrible nightmares that ever I had in my life, being on a boat bound for Europe, and without any lingerie slips or stockings soever in my luggage, even though I did search thoroughly that part of it which I had consigned to the hold. And I was minded of an actuality in the year 1922, when I did sail without a belt or sash of any description, for that they had slipped behind the screen on which my Virgie had hung them when she was packing, and she told me that when she discovered them the next day, she did flip a coin to determine

whether or not to cut her throat. Reading all the morning in Louis Bromfield's "Twenty-four Hours," nor would I quit it to go in to luncheon, neither, for Lord! it is what I have been wishing for these many moons, namely, a book which I cannot put down, and the identification of some of the characters with their prototypes in real life does by no means detract from its interest. I do know well, for instance, the woman who inspired his Savina Jerrold, and do pray fervently that I may be somewhat like her at the age of sixty-seven, a milestone at which Ned Marsh once predicted that I should be either insufferable or miraculous. My husband, poor wretch, in with the news that I had missed brook trout and popovers, and also a few

reproaches for my having laid out so much of my money on jewelry instead of investing it in stocks and bonds, so I could but tell him that I had liefer view my savings upon my wrist than watch their fluctuations in the financial columns of the journals, and I did also point out that should I lose them, it would be on Main Street not Wall, and with sufficient recompense from an insurance company. To our cozen Lillian's for dinner, finding there some forty or fifty people and the best creamed clams that ever I tasted, and so back to the farm for a dance, at which The Revellers in person did sing and some of Mr. Rolfe's boys did play, a circumstance which takes considerable bloom off the publicity for heaven.

AUGUST 29—In a great wax this morning for that I could not find the fine comb with which I do set the wave in my hair, nor was I heartened by Sam's casual announcement that he had lent it, in my absence, to a young woman who was bent on barbecing Granger Gaither, for I do think his taking that liberty with such a piece of my personal property is far more justifiable grounds for divorce than those recognized by the state of New York. Nowell in with word that I was wanted on the long distance telephone, and it was Marge Boothby, the zany, telling me that she had had a deal of champagne at dinner last night and was about to mix herself a pick-me-up, which she would not think of imbibing without mentioning it to somebody, having heard that secret drinking was a vice which eventually landed its practitioners in the gutter, so I did pretend that the connection was poor and that I could hear none of her discourse, which not only infuriated her, but probably cost her three or four dollars. To luncheon with Jeanette Goodyear, who is all a-flutter for fear her husband and boy are going to be passengers on the much-heralded trans-Atlantic flight, so I did give her a choice between their embarkation in the air and their eating a bad oyster, thereby heartening her considerably. To Mary Lowe's for tea, where there was much chit-chat, and Elsie Benoit, describing the devotion of one of the village blades to a visiting flapper, remarked that he could not take his eyes off her, which inspired Billie Fanshawe and me to agree that the perfect compliment for women of our years is, "He can't take his ears away from me."



"I'm dancin' wit' tears in m'eyes—fi' cents!!"

Figuratively Speaking

LONG-HAIRED BARD: My wife—ah!—she is like a poem to me!

CRONY: Thasso? I thought you didn't get along so well.

BARD: Like one of my own poems, I mean. I can't get rid of her.

?

PHILOSOPHER: It is safe to prophesy that civilization will continue for at least fifty centuries.

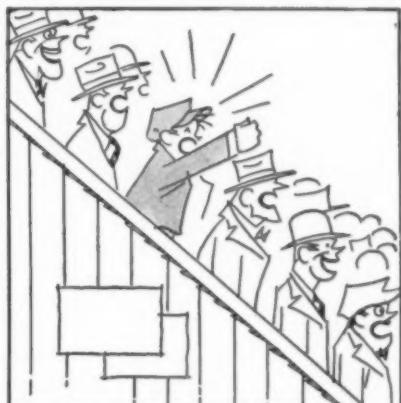
CYNIC: Yeah? And when will it start?



Partial Agreement

HUBBY: Trouble with the modern woman, she's trying to copy the habits of the man. And when she does that she makes a perfect fool of herself.

WIFIE: Of course.



Wrong Plea

JUDGE: Were you sober at the time this accident occurred?

RECKLESS: As sober as a judge, your Honor.

JUDGE: Six months.



"Oh yeah? Well I'm tellin' ya it's me that gets the big hand in this act!"

(11)

Letters Of A Picnic Ant

Dear Ant Minnie:

It was just the cutest thing. Today Junior came in from a picnic and said, "Ant Minnie tum yet?" Junior has filled out so you would hardly know him. He is biting grown people now.

I see by your letter that you are having some trouble with a woman in your kitchen. You did right to bite her.

We have been very busy lately. There was a Rotarians' picnic on our grounds yesterday and we didn't finish until nearly midnight. Such food, my dear. Stuffed eggs, liverwurst, cake and chicken. We ate jam right out of the jar.

There were at least ten thousand of us, including Ant Julie and her family who came over from across the lake for the picnic.

Uncle Robert is spending the night in the village. He went in yesterday afternoon on a Rotarian. I look for him back this morning on the mail man.

Love to everybody,

ANT BESSIE.



What is News?

A NUMBER of newspaper readers will be glad when aviation reaches the point when it can spare more of the front-page headlines of the papers for other subjects. Lindbergh's exploit in getting to France made excellent reading. It was unexpected, full of novelty and was really first page copy. So too the westward trans-Atlantic flight of Coste and Bellonte was an exploit eminently worthy of attention. But as a rule flying stories are not especially interesting except to persons concerned in some way with aviation. There was a story the other day of the finding by divers of the sunken liner Egypt with six or eight million dollars' worth of gold and silver on board. That beat most of the recent flying stories, yet it never emerged from the inside pages. A good deal of information about the air flights of Colonel and Mrs. Charles Lindbergh could just as well be handled on the inside pages and quite as much to the satisfaction of the parties mentioned who would doubtless prefer to have it omitted altogether.

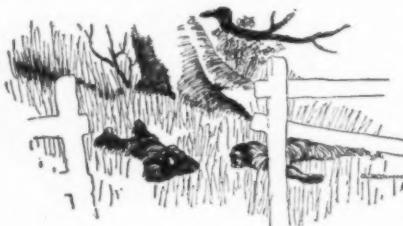
The truth is headlines are overdone anyhow, especially on front pages. They mean a raising of the voice, a calling of the news more loudly. When there isn't any news worth yelling about they keep right on, out of mere habit, and because front pages would not look natural without these noisy headlines.

Another thing; when yelling news is a bit scarce freaks get more attention than they deserve, as, for example, those who do endurance stunts of one kind or another, whether in the air or in the water or sitting in trees or how. The sitters suggest Saint Simeon Stylites who spent thirty years on top of a pillar near Antioch about 1500 years ago. He was quite a fashionable Saint and had imitators, especially in Russia, and perhaps whatever spiritual malady possessed him has come to roost again

in some of our contemporary freaks.

But making newspapers or any sort of periodical in these times is a speculation in which it is better to be fortunate than to be sensible. Tastes have changed, standards have shifted, conditions of existence have altered till it is harder than usual to find firm ground to stand on.

HOWEVER, change is one of the great laws of life. About ten years ago Mr. Morrow, at that time occupied with war and its consequences, put out a small book called "The Society of Free States," in which he described and considered the more notable of former projects for world peace. As one reads of them the impression comes that one great trouble with them all was that they objected too much to have mankind change his political shirt. Most of them tried to stabilize what was, and to prevent violent interference with the existing order. They were not loose enough. Mankind will



"Snap into it an' go to sleep! We got a powerful lot of work not to do today!"

change his shirt from time to time and you cannot stop him. He will insist upon being comfortable and usually incur immense discomfort in trying to become so. The number of urgently dissatisfied persons in this world at this time is enormous. One gets a story out of China now and then (there was a good one lately in the *New Republic*) that reveals intolerable poverty and misery in that great country and suggests the possibility of more violent outbreaks there than we have seen yet. They will be blind, of course, if they come from the peasants, but the misery and poverty of great masses of the Chinese is revolutionary material. Really the enemy that is making the most problems nowadays is poverty—far too

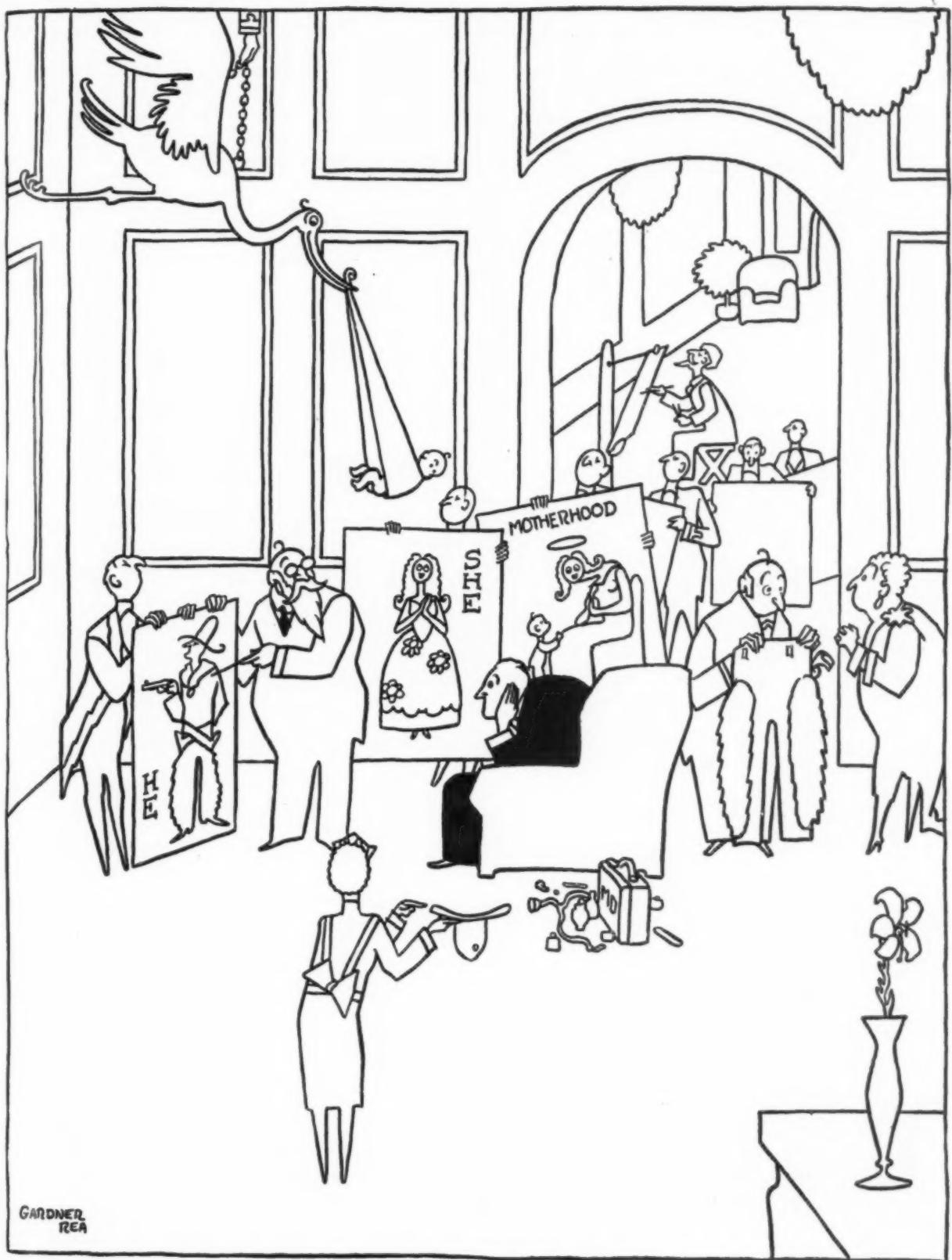
much in China, far too much in India, pangs from it in Russia and a very earnest movement by the Soviet powers to beat it.

Probably India will come to an agreement with the British and gaining some things will go on, but the way out for China is not so easy as that, nor yet for Russia which has got to get rid of what is left in it of Communism.

Perhaps all these front-page flyers will have justified their headlines before our world settles down again—if it ever does.

ON THE last day of August on Sunday evening at Southampton Dr. Murray Butler made an address in which he said the eternal conflict was between the One and the Many; between conditions of life that favor the development of powerful individuals and those that are most favorable to the multitude. The same conditions doubtless in the long run accomplish both results since the many cannot get ahead unless by producing gifted individuals and the individuals, however favored, must have mankind to work on or work for. Dr. Butler said the conflict now going on and described as that between Communism and Capitalism, was wrongly defined, since the fight was not merely against Capitalism, which was only a detail, but against what he called Liberalism, which meant to him the side that favored the freedom of man. And that seems true enough. Most people when they hear about Capitalism and the crimes charged to it do not know quite what it means. They know, as Dr. Butler mentions, that in the last hundred years a new power has come into the world, the power of money, and that they think means Capitalism. So it does in a way. An immense amount of money paying interest charges means a lot of people working to earn them, but still, if that goes on in this country for example, it has not yet brought us to the state of the Chinese peasants or those of Russia or India. Dr. Butler says that such accumulations as have come to renown have got to do their part in the world in proportion to their powers if Liberalism, which is sound, is to beat Communism, which is not sound.

—E. S. Martin.



Literary Tragedies. Harold Bell Wright forgets his formula.

Life in Washington

By CARTER FIELD.

Our Daily Bread.

JIMMY DAVIS has been so busy handshaking the honest puddlers and whatever up in Pennsylvania, forgetting that the whole thing was decided in the primaries anyhow, that he has not heard the Macedonian cries of the Master Bakers, nor the piteous moans of the Amalgamated Association of Early Morning Bread Deliverers.

For they want protection, and they want it quickly. Not from cheap foreign labor, though bread happens to be on the free list. They want protection from Mr. Hoover's Farm Relief propaganda, and specifically from Alexander C. Legge, who, they point out, used to be a big business man himself and ought to know better.

Mr. Legge, greatest wheat hoarder since Joseph, and appreciated by his "brothers" in about the same degree, was not thinking to hurt the bakers. Far less the early delivery men. And certainly he was not thinking of cutting off the oats and corn from the horses of these delivery men. But he threatens all three, and more besides, and they are not cheerful about it. They are indignant.

The whole thing happened when some eloquent champion of the plain people protested that despite the lowest

price of wheat since back in the Bryan free silver days, the honest toiler's housewife was paying precisely as much for the daily bread as in the days of affluence during the war, when the pay envelope was much fatter and far more regular. Mr. Legge, this orator opined, should do something about it. Perhaps if bread were cheaper, he suggested, more wheat would be consumed.

This last struck Mr. Legge with exceeding force. He would cheerfully obtain a Congressional medal of honor, or buy a seat in the Senate when Gerald Nye was not looking, for anyone with a good idea for getting more wheat consumed. So why not frighten the bakers?

To think usually means to act pretty quickly with Mr. Legge. He had figures assembled by his experts, and pretty soon found that all the ingredients of a loaf of bread only cost the bakers a fraction of what they were charging, and that the housewives, buying at retail, could get the materials for a ten-cent loaf of bread for barely over three cents.

Mr. Legge's experience in Washington, and his observations before that, had given him no enthusiastic confidence in the functioning of governmental agencies. He might have appealed to the Federal Trade Commission, or threatened the re-enactment of the excess profits law. But no. He wanted results this year—not some time after the next presidential election.

So he decided on propaganda — and without consulting Jimmy Davis! He issued a statement through his very efficient publicity man, whose wife had also been paying ten cents for a three-cent loaf of bread whenever they happened to get breakfast at home. This statement urged the housewives of

the country to buy their own flour and bake their own bread, thus saving seven cents on each loaf and outwitting the profiteering bakers.

The word "profiteering" appealed to President Hoover. It carried him back to those happy food administration days, when he said "go" and somebody went, and he said "come" and there was some sprinting. Back to the days when nobody except Jim Reed criticized, and housewives had Herbert Hoover as their patron saint!

So for a few days everything was grand and the goose hung high.

Then came the master bakers, and the flivver bakers, and the aforesaid early morning bread delivery men. They wanted to tell Jim Davis that they must have Alec Legge's head at once. Legge, they wanted to tell Davis, could do the farmers a lot more good making them cheap farm machinery than by encouraging housewives to bake such poor bread that it would boost the sales of imported pretzels!

In a time of unemployment, and soup kitchens, they insisted, why should the government try to put the bread makers in the bread line?

But Davis was far away—up in Pennsylvania where the home brewers are about to elect Gifford Pinchot governor. He was busy untangling himself from the Loyal Order of Moose. Now was no time for him to take on new issues. Through three different administrations, of as contrasting varieties as this country has even seen, and under three presidents whose unlikeness to each other demonstrates the wonders of nature, he had held on to his cabinet post.

Besides, it may have been suggested to Mr. Davis that Mr. Legge may be shrewder than he appears. Maybe the joke will be on the housewives, and the laugh will be with the farmers, while the master bakers emerge unharmed. For perhaps the housewives will waste a lot of wheat flour making sour bread or burning good bread, thus helping to boost the price of wheat, while they continue to keep the bakers and their delivery men busy making the bread they eat!

At any rate, it is a great country, underlying conditions are fundamentally sound, and business recovery is just around the corner!



"I read so much about the crime waves, but I've never seen a gangster in person."



"Hooray, Jimmy! Now we'll find out. Our dads are fightin'!"

Theatre • by Baird Leonard

"The Second Little Show"

THE producers of "The Second Little Show" would save time and lose no money if they threw out the entire first act. Except for the work of the chorus, Marc Connelley's skit about the guest in a super-service hotel, and a lovely brown evening dress worn by Gloria Grafton (a lithographic brunette with a flat, unmusical voice), this part of the entertainment was so dull that I began to think of my unfinished needlepoint and the claret left over from dinner. Consideration for my young companion held me to my chair, however, and from the moment the curtain rose, there was evidence of a managerial conviction that a lot of expensive draperies are not sufficient to put uninspired numbers across. "Lucky Seven," a brisk tune, was accompanied by some swift and sprightly stepping. Fay Brady, with the emptiest countenance outside of a waxworks, was an amusing foil for some of Jay C. Flippin's wise-cracking, and even managed to put over the aged one about the old woman who lived in a shoe. Al Trahan, with the strenuous and competent assistance of Yukona Cameron, did his popular vaudeville stunts at the piano. But the real excitement came when Ruth Tester sang "Sing Something Simple," an undeniable hit by Herman Hupfeld of which the chorus contains two lines which I should rather have written than take Quebec on the morrow, namely:

*Do, re, mi, fa, so, la, si, do—
you can't go wrong.
Do, si, la, so, fa, mi, re, do—
a lousy song.*

This ditty stopped the show, so that Jay Flippin, waiting to begin a boudoir sketch, was moved by the protracted applause to remark, "Ain't it hell to have people bowing in your bedroom?" By the time this is printed, the first act of "The Second Little Show" may have been pruned down and pepped up. If it hasn't, you can linger over the liqueurs without that uneasy feeling that you're missing something.

"Up Pops the Devil"

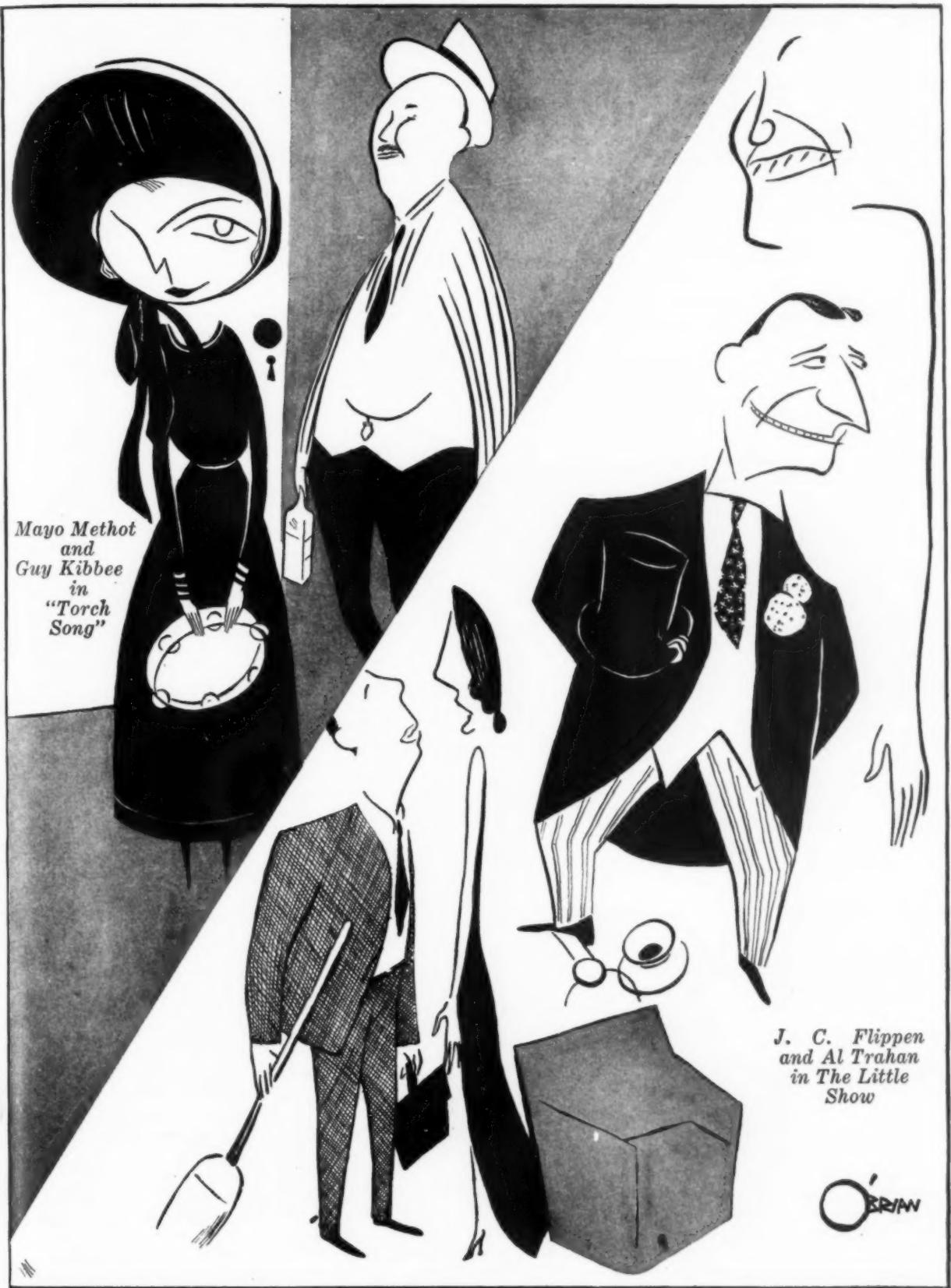
WHEN you consider that the lay ambition of the average citizen is to get as many laughs as life can give him, it is a pleasure to recommend "Up Pops the Devil" as a fair contribution to the sum total of his satisfaction. Fortunately this piece leans but slightly on its plot, in which a young wife turns bread-winner so that her husband can give up his advertising job and devote all his time to his novel, an idea which seldom works out well, especially when the husband is left at home to cook, answer bells, and welcome the gin-bibbers. Roger Pryor and Sally Bates are very good as the struggling young pair, but the persisting mirth and laughter is furnished by their neighbors and cronies, with particular mention for an interloping souse played well, and without a word, by Henry Howard. The trunk-packing scene threw me into a state of mild hysteria, and when the trunk was borne off with its top incompletely closed, I had to restrain myself from calling out to the expressman. Some of the best lines fell to Albert Hackett, one of the authors, who, as Biney, announced himself so fed up on helpless Southern belles with their plantations and aristocracies that he would like to meet some good old white trash. When the imminence of a baby brought affairs to a happy conclusion, Biney would never have known that Anne was going to have it, even though he got 98 in biology.

"Torch Song"

"TORCH SONG" was another variation on an old and popular theme. The curious affinity between sex and religion which puzzles the psychiatrists makes unforgettable librettos and swell tabloid headlines. It also makes a saint occasionally, and the joy in Heaven over one sinner that repents is a pallid matter beside the excitement which prevails in the box-office when such a saint starts to slip. "Torch Song" features the foregoing proposition from both angles. A young cabaret singer, jilted by a travelling

salesman for women's wear after a long and fervid romance, changes her provocative tunes of the dance hall for the militant ballads of the Salvation Army, and when she accidentally meets her ex-lover a year later, she turns the forces of revivals on him to such an extent that he passes up the drummer's typical Saturday night of liquor and loose ladies, and goes to his hotel room to try to get a little sleep. The reasons why he doesn't get it make one of the most hilarious second acts ever staged. It ends with the young salvationist sunk deep in sin, but clad in a flame-colored frock filched from her beau's samples, and dancing with tears in her eyes and a highball in her hand. Those who are saddened by this indication of spiritual backsliding will be cheered to learn that the third act proves all the platitudes about truth and righteousness. The curtain falls to the stirring strains of "Onward, Christian Soldiers!" a hymn which has been known to save even a funeral. And "Torch Song" is no funeral.

If Mr. Nicholson had invested his two leading characters with more magnitude, or even if the heroine had been played by a Jeanne Eagels, I should have had a keener interest in the vicissitudes of their romance. As it was, my chief pleasure came from the minor personages amongst whom their fate was worked out, the setting which Mr. Hopkins provided for their activities, and the glory songs which floated through the window from the city park across the street. Edna, the whoop-la girl of the town, as dressed and played expertly by Dennie Moore, and June Clayworth did very well as Betty, her bashful running-mate who passed out. The high spot of the evening was the work of Guy Kibbee as the middle-aged salesman for undertakers' supplies. His drunken address to the citizens of Pomeroy, Ohio, is what the precisians call priceless, and his Confucian valedictory at the denouement is music to the ears of all remorseful sinners. We left the theatre convinced that Ivy's real place was in the Salvation Army, and I remembered that in my infancy I did not abandon my leanings toward a similar career until I learned that if I was allowed to pass the tambourine some other comrade would probably be enlisted to beat the drum.



Sally Bates and Roger Pryor in "Up Pops The Devil."

Movies • by Harry Evans

"Monte Carlo"

IT SEEMS impossible to prevent Ernst Lubitsch from placing a movie each year among the Ten Best—a distinction which shall surely be accorded "Monte Carlo" unless other producers are taken suddenly with an unlooked-for fit of ingenuity between now and the end of the year.

Mr. Lubitsch is so refreshingly clever that his pictures appear to bear no relation to other movies you have seen based on identical ideas. All of the sameness is removed by his subtle sense of surprise and his unfailing good taste—two qualities that have been sadly neglected in films on the grounds that the great movie public neither appreciates nor expects them.

In "The Love Parade" Mr. Lubitsch made one of the first intelligent efforts to remove the deadly unreality occasioned by singing with an unseen orchestral accompaniment . . . and this effort, together with a lot of thinking, evidently supplied him with this conclusion: Any situation in a movie can be made acceptable if it is cleverly introduced and intelligently concluded. For example:

In the first part of "Monte Carlo" we find Jeanette MacDonald (Countess Vera von Conti) running away and deserting her intended husband on the day set for the marriage. On the train she looks forward to her freedom . . . she is happy because she had courage to cast aside her wedding gown and escape in her lovely, lovely underwear at the last moment. As the train speeds along we see a closeup of the engine . . . the music starts—and what music. Never have we heard a locomotive so perfectly orchestrated, and with this introduction throbbing faintly in her ears, it seems perfectly natural for Miss MacDonald to start singing about the train that is taking her "Beyond The Blue Horizon." Then, just as you begin to lose some of the glow afforded by this clever touch, the scene shifts to the exterior again. At a distance you see fields of grain stretching endlessly . . . Peasants scattered over the picturesque landscape stop at their work, take up the refrain of the radiant girl in the train window—hands waving to her in perfect unison—and as the train flashes by the melody comes back

to the girl in a chorus of faint, beautiful harmony that creates one of the most effective scenes the screen has ever offered. Being smart enough to realize when he has done a good thing, Mr. Lubitsch brings back this shot to close the picture . . . and what is more the train is shown moving in the opposite direction as in the first scene. That gentleman certainly has his head up.

The story of how Jack Buchanan (who is a Count) falls in love with the runaway Countess in Monte Carlo and secures the position as her hairdresser



"Sure, we're s'posed to get in on one ticket, lady, 'cause we're only half-brothers, anyhow."

in order to be near her, is told as only Lubitsch could tell it. Mr. Buchanan a pleasant young Englishman last seen on the stage in "Wake Up And Dream," is not impressive in his first scenes, but gets better all the time. Others figuring prominently in the excellent cast are Zasu Pitts (always swell), Claude Allister, Tyler Brooks and John Roche.

There are too many clever touches in "Monte Carlo" to make mention of them all, but we particularly enjoyed the ditty sung over the telephone; the clock gag; the scene from "Monsieur Beaucaire" in which Helen Garden, Donald Novie and David Percy sing so pleasingly; and the trio of Messrs. Buchanan, Roche and Brooks warbling "Trimmin' The Women."

The idea that this movie is naughty has been exaggerated for publicity purposes. It is good entertainment for the whole family.

In congratulating Mr. Lubitsch we are conscious of being moved to a certain sense of pity. A man of his originality must be terribly lonely in Hollywood.

"Old English"

A NY actor who can make you sit on the edge of your seat and revel in the pleasure of watching him eat deserves the title of the screen's most distinguished actor.

George Arliss does this in "Old English" during a lengthy scene in which hardly a word is spoken, and as you watch the soup, the fish, then the entree disappear, you silently hope that there will be half a dozen more courses.

This edifying gastronomical exhibition is typical of the entire action of "Old English," which is a story written by John Galsworthy for the sole purpose of giving Mr. Arliss a chance to show how much he can make of practically nothing at all. The unimportance of the plot, and it never makes the least pretense of being important, stresses the importance of every move made by the principal character, and Mr. Arliss never makes a false step. His every gesture is so utterly conclusive that you wonder if there is any excuse for the thousands of actors who go about screaming and tying themselves in knots to gain effects accomplished by Mr. Arliss with a single wave of the hand.

The story is a character study of a proud and very wise old rascal who planned and lived his life on the promise that a man is entitled to enjoy as many pleasurable indiscretions as his constitution can stand and his intelligence permit. He refuses to allow advancing years to rob him of his independence, and when this independence is threatened he deliberately kills himself by overindulgence in eating and drinking the things his health had lately denied him. The only bit of business that we consider overdone, is the death scene. All actors should be made to die more peacefully, whether it is correct physiologically or not.

"Old English" affords a rare treat for Arliss fans—as who isn't?



"Oh, this reminds me, I've got a date with Jack tonight."

Anagrins

Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.

- (1) Scramble *weeds* with a *t* and get a way to serve prunes.
- (2) Scramble *atoning* with an *e* and get no for an answer.
- (3) Scramble *hammy* with an *e* and get an injury.
- (4) Scramble *screen* with a *u* and get bawled out.
- (5) Scramble *grass* with a *u* and get sweets for the sweet.

(Answers on Page 29)

The Letters of a Modern Father

My Dear Daughter:

Considering you were writing from a honeymoon with Cedric your letter from Florence was cheerful. The travel description was a false note. I didn't expect you, a modern girl, to inform us that Florence is called the Lily of the Arno and why. Your moonlight in Granada wasn't bad; in fact, anybody not knowing you would believe you felt it.

But you were more like yourself when you got down to the main business. You say it would be better for Cedric's work if he and you took a villa in Southern France and stayed a year instead of coming home. When you are working at a project like that you are at your best. You could sell the collected writings of Calvin Coolidge to anyone but me.

But it won't do. Tell Cedric I'm delighted to read the word "work" in connection with his name, but it wouldn't be fair to my other sons-in-law to support him abroad. While I would like to have Cedric at that distance it would make bad feeling in the family if I made an exception.

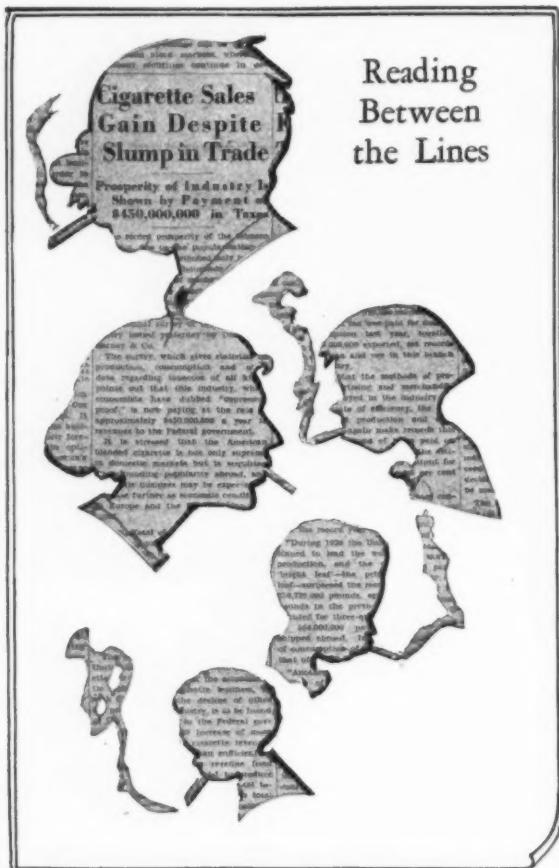
However, I'm willing to compromise. Spare me your description of the Cathedral of Chartres when you get back and I'll let you double back on your route another thousand dollars' worth.

Your Affectionate Father,

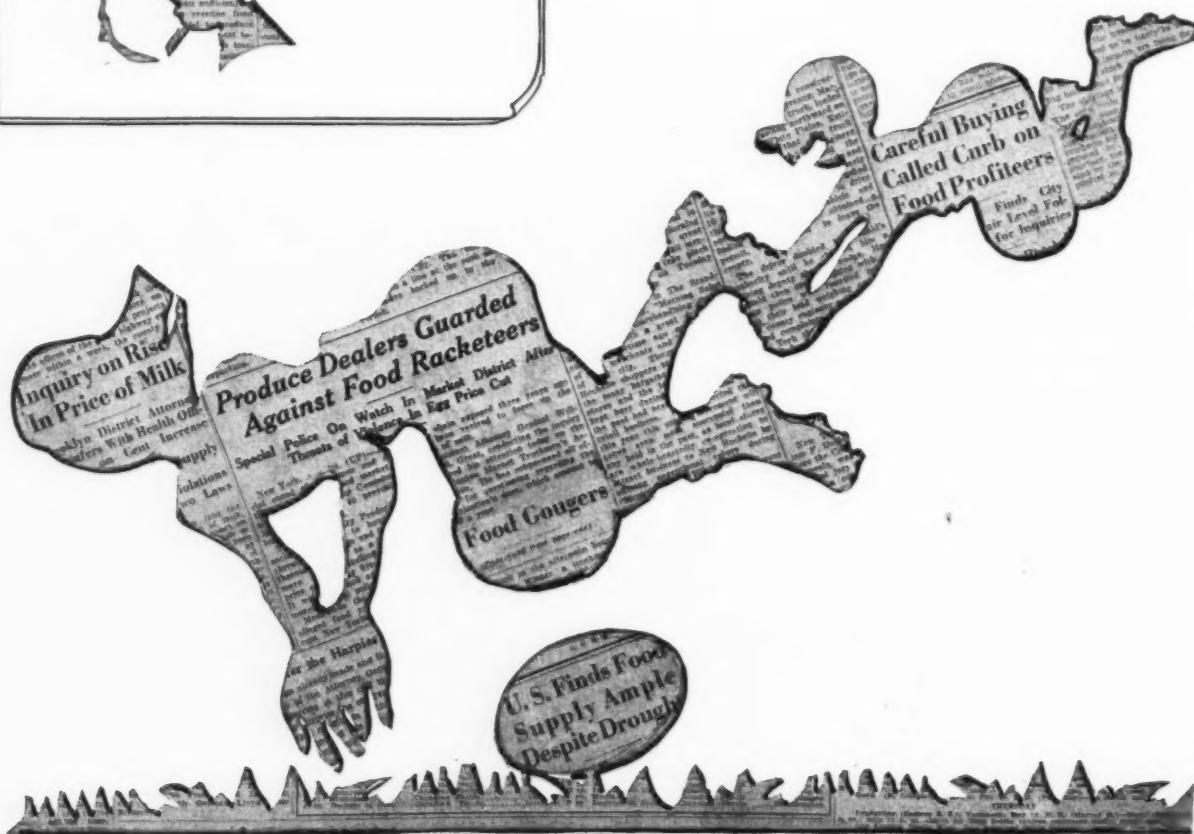
McCready Huston.



"I want some long underwear for my husband, but kindly don't display it."



Reading Between the Lines



LIFE will pay \$5 each for ideas used on this page

Life at Home

HARVEY, ILL.—There's to be a celebration by the American Legion here, and the merchants are providing prizes.

One of the rewards—the offer is by an undertaker—is a free funeral.

CHICAGO—Knut Rockne, famous Notre Dame football coach, hopes his next coaching job will be at Sing Sing.

The reason: alumni never come back there to register kicks over the progress of football teams.

"That's the job I want," Rockne said at a luncheon recently before the British-American track athletes.

JACKSONVILLE—The Riverside Park Methodist Church is gaining in attendance because it's doing a lot of unusual things for its congregation. It has already bought for its members one set of false teeth, a wheel chair, iced watermelons, weiners, ice cream cones and one trap gun for the use of its men's gun club. "If we can induce the public to chew their Gospel with a set of false teeth, or feed it to them along with watermelon, we have won people for the Kingdom," the pastor says.

LOS ANGELES—Convicted of smuggling Chinese into the United States by airplane, two Los Angeles men have announced an appeal based on the theory that immigration laws specifically prohibit smuggling by "land or water," but make no mention of air.

TULSA, OKLA.—College wise-cracks are only 5 per cent funny, says Dr. John C. Almack, professor of education at Leland Stanford University.

Speaking at the University of Tulsa summer session, Dr. Almack said he had made a study of 12,000 jokes taken from college comic publications, and had sent 200 jokes which he considered best to noted humorists with requests for their opinions.

The humorists who responded agreed, said Dr. Almack, that only five per cent of college humor is funny, that fifty per cent is indifferent and the rest not funny at all.

WASHINGTON—The squirrels that frequent the public parks of Washington can look forward to a winter of comfort.

This was assured by a bequest of \$100 for their care in the will of Clarence Gale Allen, Washingtonian.

Allen said the gift was in appreciation of the pleasure they gave his mother.

CHICAGO—The average American woman uses in her lifetime three times her weight in cosmetics, Mrs. M. B. McCracken, president of the American Association of Cosmeticians and Hair Artist, told delegates at the eleventh annual convention here.

NEENAH, WIS.—Firemen pumped whey from a storage tank when they found no water supply available and succeeded in saving the home of L. P. Huber, a Mikesville cheesemaker, from destruction by fire.

And Abroad

FLORENCE, ITALY—Kissing and petting—under some circumstances—has become expensive in the city made famous by the romance of Dante and Beatrice.

A city judge with an austerity reminiscent of Savonarola sentenced Bruno Irmini to three months and ten days in jail for kissing his fiancee, Letizia Mamonni in a public park, and the latter three months for accepting his caresses.

LONDON—Tattooed women have become the style in London's fashionable Bond street, the street that sets the styles for England, and much of the rest of the world.

London's "smart women" believe their new style will surpass in originality the color-tinted nails of Paris, or the painted insect and animal designs towards which Hollywood actresses lean. They expect it to gain wider popularity.

Bees, bluebells, butterflies, caterpillars and even tattooed floral garters are now demanded.

ISTANBUL—This city has canceled its pension to Zaro Agha, hundred-and-fifty-six-year-old teetotaler now visiting in the United States. The citizens became indignant when they discovered that he had not really gone to America in the cause of Prohibition, but to appear in a Coney Island sideshow.

PARIS—Burglars who used a net as their chief tool cleaned out Paris' only aquarium, the Trocadero Gardens, opposite the American Embassy, stealing 2,000 fish, including trout, carp, goldfish and eels. The thieves left only the unedible seahorses.

TOKYO—Jazz is sweeping Japan. The current favorite is "Yes, Sir, She's My Baby."



"Doctor, can't something be done about my husband talking in his sleep? It is all so indistinct!"

The Family Album



Reprinted from LIFE, Aug. 6, 1913

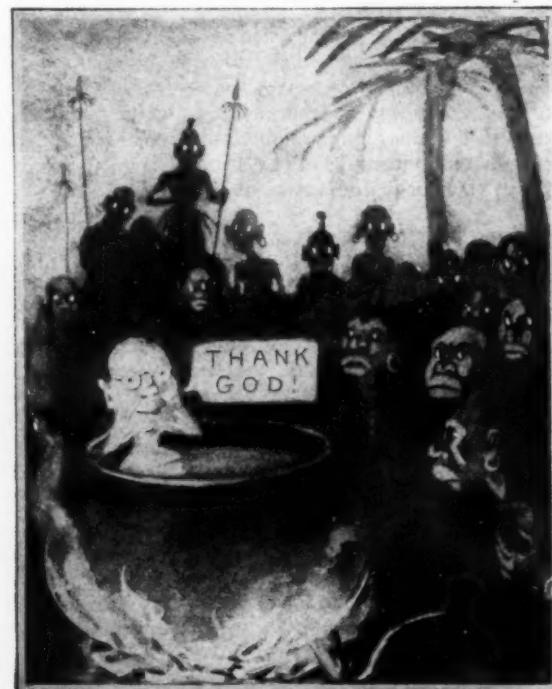
ACCORDING TO THEIR STATIONS.

"This train for Garden City, Queens, Little Neck, Wading River and Speonk!"



Reprinted from LIFE, Sept. 24, 1914

"No harm in trying."



Reprinted from LIFE, Nov. 19, 1914

"The watched pot never boils."

Confidential Guide

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

How LIFE readers can get good orchestra seats at box-office prices to all shows on this page indicated by stars.
See Page 26

(Listed in the order of their openings)

Plays

★**STRICTLY DISHONORABLE.** *Avon.* \$3.85—Good light comedy offering something new and amusing in seduction.

★**THE FIRST MRS. FRASER.** *Playhouse.* \$3.00—Grace George heads a fine cast in this polite piece about a wife who wins back her husband.

★**THE GREEN PASTURES.** *Mansfield.* \$4.40—A sympathetic and humorous revelation of the Scriptures as the devout untutored darky interprets them. The Pulitzer Prize play.

STEPPING SISTERS. *Forrest*—This trifl has manifested an amazing longevity.

★**LYSISTRATA.** *Forty-fourth Street.* \$5.50—Hilarious production, on a big and beautiful scale, of Aristophanes' comedy in which the Grecian women refused to be loved if left.

★**LADIES ALL.** *Morosco.* \$3.00—Amusing goings-on in Westport according to the Prince Bibesco, who has evidently never been there.

★**JOURNEY'S END.** *Henry Miller's.* \$3.00—The best war play of them all.

★**DANCING PARTNER.** *Belasco.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—An unimportant instance of young love in Biarritz and the upper air.

★**TOPAZE.** *Ethel Barrymore.* \$3.00—Return engagement of last season's popular satire on French politics. With Frank Morgan.

★**THE NINTH GUEST.** *Eltinge.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—The year's first thriller, in which the guests at a dinner party die like flies.

★**TORCH SONG.** *Plymouth.* \$3.85—Romance in the Salvation Army, with a stirring moral, and an unbeatable second act.

★**UP POPS THE DEVIL.** *Masque.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—A comedy by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett. Notice later.

★**THAT'S THE WOMAN.** *Fulton.* \$3.85—A comedy by Bayard Veiller, with A. E. Anson, Phoebe Foster, Lucile Watson, etc. Notice later.

Musical

★**FLYING HIGH.** *Apollo.* \$6.60—Full of laughs and song hits, with Bert Lahr and Oscar Shaw.

★**GARRICK GAIETIES.** *Guild.* \$3.00—Some bright youngsters in a refreshing revue.

★**EARL CARROLL'S VANITIES.** *New Amsterdam.* \$6.60—The girl show that got its producer into his beloved headlines.

★**HOT RHYTHM.** *Times Square.* \$3.00—An all-colored revue, with some splendid dancing.

★**THE SECOND LITTLE SHOW.** *Royale.* \$4.40—Sat. Hol. \$5.50—What the title indicates. Notice later.

Movies

MONTE CARLO and **OLD ENGLISH**—In this issue.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—Recommended for Walter Huston's magnificent portrayal of the Emancipator. D. W. Griffith's best talkie—but he'll do better things.

DANCING SWEETIES—Don't bother. The gag the soda dispenser pulls, and the reference to one of the best known smoking-car stories again prove that the censors are either easy to "reach" or too dumb to know the answers when they hear them.

HELL'S ANGELS—The destruction of the Zeppelin makes it worth while—but what Howard Hughes did with the rest of the four million dollars is a mystery.

MOBY DICK—John Barrymore in a talkie version which is not as good as the silent one he did years ago. The whale is wonderful but is not well supported.

WAY OUT WEST—William Haines is going to lose all of his fans if they don't give him a decent chance pretty soon.

ANYBODY'S WOMAN—Ruth Chatterton—and as good as "Madame X." One of the best of the year.

RAIN OR SHINE—Joe Cook is as funny on the screen as he was on the stage. Swell fun.

Records

Victor

"**WHEN THEY CHANGED MY NAME TO A NUMBER**" and

"**FOR SWEETHEARTS ONLY**"—Gene Austin, very appealing, but why can't he have better songs?



PORTER: Can't go in there, sir. It's reserved for a bishop.
BOOKIE: Well, 'ow d' yer know I ain't 'im? —Humorist.

"**I'M DOIN' THAT THING**" (Movie—Love In The Rough)—Gus Arnheim and His Cocoanut Grove Orchestra. One of the best partly due to The Ambassador Trio who sing the chorus. and

"**GO HOME AND TELL YOUR MOTHER**" (Movie—Love In the Rough)—Same bunch. Words on the same order as "Thank Your Father"—and Bobby Burns singing the chorus.

Brunswick

"**THE SHEIK OF ARABY**" and "**SHIM-ME-SHA-WABBLE**"—Red Nichols and His Five Pennies get hot over two numbers we had almost forgotten.

"**LOOKING FOR THE LOVE-LIGHT IN THE DARK**" and "**AS LONG AS I HAVE YOU**"—Meyer Davis' Hotel Astor Orchestra. Both recommended as good dance numbers and for the pleasing way in which the choruses are sung.

Columbia

"**THE WEDDING OF THE BIRD**"—Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra go native. Be sure and play with a soft needle. and

"**SONG OF THE CONGO**"—Same orchestra and ditto about the soft needle. Mr. Whiteman can do better.

"**I WONDER HOW IT FEELS TO BE HEAD OVER HEELS IN LOVE**" and "**WHAT'S THE USE**"—Paul Specht and His Orchestra. Clever orchestrations, and variety secured by very definite shadings from loud to soft—which is a treat.

Sheet Music

"**Hullabaloo**" (Movie—Dancing Sweeties)

"**All Through The Night**" (No show)

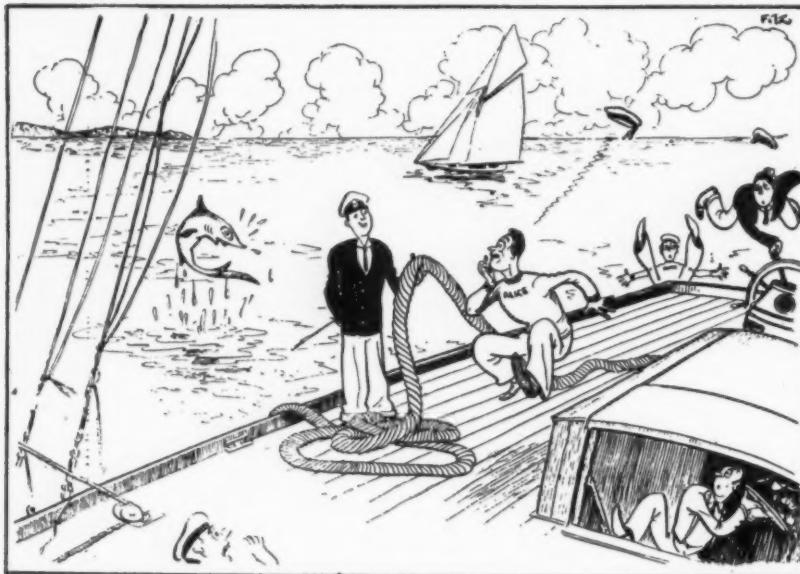
"**On A Little Street In Honolulu**" (No show)

"**We're On The Highway To Heaven**" and

"**When Love Comes In The Moonlight**" (Movie—Oh, Sailor Behave)

(Continued on Page 26)

Our Foolish Contemporaries



The guest who called it "twine."

—Sketch.

A great advantage of miniature golf is that in case of losing the ball you can always pick up the course and shake it.

—Detroit News.

"Darling, I won a medal at the cookery school."

"Wonderful. But tell me, what is this I am eating?"

"Guess."

"Your medal." —Tit-Bits.

It appears from recently-published statistics that many Irishmen who years ago went to America in search of independence are now returning to Ireland for it.

—Punch.

"Do you think genius is hereditary?"

"I don't know—I have no children."

—Nebelspalter, Zurich.

Chairman Legge wants farmers to raise less wheat. But the farmers think that would be silly, and the only way to fix things is for the board to buy more wheat.

The logical move to restore harmony would be a concerted drive by both factions to get housewives to burn more toast.

—Ted Cook in N. Y. American.

In the new White Star motor liner, the largest motorship to fly the British flag, the fore funnel is a dummy, inside of which is a comfortable restroom for the engineers.

It is understood that, to complete the illusion, the Chief Engineer smokes cut plug. —Dublin Opinion.

A man recently played the bagpipes in a cage containing six lions. It would have been more courageous to have entered the cage unarmed.

—Passing Show.

NEW PRISONER: Warden, I'd like to write to my young lady to say I've arrived safely. Can I have a picture post-card of the prison?

—Nebelspalter, Zurich.

Dora says it is late winter now below the Equator and in just a week or so it will be Washington's birthday in Patagonia.

—Detroit News.

A bowl made from an old gramophone record won first prize at a fete for "something new from something old." The trouble is that so many people use old gramophone records as gramophone records.

—Passing Show.



CONSCIENTIOUS GUIDE: We have just left Camphor Cliff, ladies and gents. The Bong Lighthouse is on your right, and we are now approaching the English Channel.

—London Opinion.

WHEN CHARLES ROGERS, STAR OF THE PARAMOUNT PICTURE "FOLLOW THRU" goes on the air, a radio set whose units are but partially balanced, can only bring you the distorted tone pictured at the left. With Philco's exact balancing of all units in the set, you get the true, clear, undistorted tone pictured at the right



The great little name in radio PHILCO BABY GRAND . . . \$49.50

... one month old . . .
years ahead in popular favor

LIKE the understudy who played a star part and woke up famous, the Philco Baby Grand Radio has won a public of its own in a single month.

This great little radio—understudy to the famous Philco Line of super performing radios—is the first full-fledged, big-toned, finely-selective Screen Grid Radio ever produced at such a price.

When announced a month ago we said, "Philco knows the public will want a lot of these wonderful sets." The prophecy has been fulfilled—in quick time. The demand already is enormous. And no wonder!

The Philco Baby Grand has the quality you look for in receivers costing many times this price. It is a Balanced-Unit set—Philco's exclusive method of balancing all electrical units to give full, rich, true tone, without distortion.

Seven tubes; three of them Screen Grid; and double-tuned input circuit gives remarkable selectivity without cross-talk. The built-in speaker is genuine electro-dynamic.

The handsome Gothic design cabinet is genuine walnut. Never before have trade and public seen such a VALUE.

Many want it for an EXTRA radio set
The day has come, too, when many people find they want TWO radio sets.

While the young folks dance to a jazz program in the parlor, Father and Mother can listen to some fine music upstairs. For the guest room, the Baby Grand is hospitality supreme. For that boy or girl at college,

PHILCO BABY GRAND
Handsome Gothic design; genuine walnut; 7 tubes (3 screen grid); genuine Electro-Dynamic Speaker built-in; double-tuned input circuit; push-pull; All-Electric; 16 ins. wide: 17½ ins. high. Full size radio performance in small space. **ONLY \$49.50**
less tubes
Sold with 7 Philco Balanced Tubes. Price slightly higher in Canada

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(25)

the Baby Grand adds entertainment to higher education at a mighty low tuition fee. And what a gift it makes, for all occasions!

The Philco Baby Grand is all-electric. It just plugs into any AC light socket and is easily moved from room to room; finely sensitive; tunes accurately and gives genuine "big radio" performance in compact space.

If you haven't seen or heard the Philco Baby Grand, better see your dealer today. He will be glad to give you a free demonstration, of course, and easy terms when you, too, decide you must have a Baby Grand.

The Philco dealer also offers a complete line of Philco Radios in beautiful Consoles, Lowboys and Highboys from \$95 to \$145; Radio-Phonograph at \$198 and magnificent Concert Grand Radio-Phonograph, greatest of all receivers, at \$350. Each Philco radio is the finest that can be produced by the leader of the industry—Philco. Furthermore, enjoy radio as you ride. Transitone Automobile Radio now is sold by all Philco dealers.

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Makers of the famous Philco Radio, Diamond Grid Battery for Motor Cars, Telephones, Farm Lighting, Motive Power, Auxiliary Power, etc., etc.
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THE BIG BARN, by Walter D. Edmonds. *Little Brown & Co.*, \$2. A group-character New York State farm story, in the days just before the civil war. Rose, daughter-in-law, falls in love with her wife's brother. Distinguished writing, great reading, living characters, by the author of that other good one, *Rome Haul*.

EL GOES SOUTH, by MacKinley Kantor. *Coward-McCann, Inc.*, \$2. The elements of a good story, badly written, around "boisterous, hard-boiled, everyday life in 'new' Chicago" (as the blurb says.) We have been fed up on too much vulgar realism of this sort, in which the author interlards his dialogue with cheap profanity and minor indecencies.

ANGEL PAVEMENT, by J. B. Priestly. *Harper & Bros.*, \$3. This might be called "Seeing London," so full of the London scene and characters it is. Suggests Dickens up to date. The author's uncanny talent for humorous description makes highly amusing reading. Business people of a by-street, done to a turn, even if it is overwritten.

THE EDWARDIANS, by V. Sackville-West. *Doubleday Doran & Co.*, \$2.50. Another London novel, scene laid around 1900, Literary Guild selection for September (if that is important.) The author knows her theme, namely, British aristocracy, and her minute description of their lives, done with intimately ironic undertones, is often delicious. The plot (which concerns mostly young Duke Sebastian) is not so good as the writing; but perhaps that doesn't matter. Enjoyable.

THE GOLFER'S YEAR BOOK, 1930. *G. Y. B. Co., N. Y.*, \$3. Here we are on firm ground (considering the way the balls roll from the drought.) And the Hole-in-One-Club (of which we are a proud member) isn't even mentioned! (Also the nineteenth hole.) Mark Twain used to say that books of statistics were the only real reading. The photographs are terrible, except Helen Hicks, Canada champion, but her smile helps a lot. And what records! Pore over them, ye dubs, and resolve to do better.

—Thomas L. Masson.

Why 86% of you say "O.K."



Our free 7-days' shaving test proves the qualities of this remarkable shaving cream. The fastest selling in the world, *now*.

Simply mail this coupon, if you please

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It won leadership through a policy of introducing it to men at our own risk. We told them, "Don't buy yet—try it first and form your own opinion of its excellence." Eighty-six men in every hundred who tried were won to it.

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Our 68-year-old laboratories produce great leaders in various soap products. They asked 1000 men to dictate the effects a shaving cream should have. Results were slow. Time and again formulas failed to do what we demanded. Then the 130th formula brought success.

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Fair-minded men have made our test by the millions, willing to be convinced if we could do it. Results speak for themselves. Won't you at least give us the opportunity of convincing you? Please mail the coupon.

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7 SHAVES FREE

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Simply insert your name and address and mail to
Palmolive, Dept. M-874 P. O. Box 375, Grand
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Life in Society

He remembers you

WHEN Grayson takes your hat at the dining-room door he doesn't have to give you a check to identify yourself. He remembers your face.

How indicative that is of Chalfonte-Haddon Hall! For all the modernness of Haddon Hall, its profuse beauty, its unusual facilities, it has never lost its friendliness, nor its old-time spirit of hospitality. At Haddon Hall every one takes a personal interest in you.

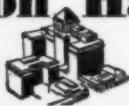


Write for rates and literature. There is a Motoramp garage.

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ATLANTIC CITY
LEEDS AND LIPPINCOTT COMPANY



Grouse Shooting in Scotland

Mr. Stanley L. Woff caught in the act of wounding a ruffled grouse, named Miss Judith Hamilton, in the heather near his shooting box on the moor. She was harvesting wheat when Mr. Woff peppered her with kisses.

Miss Lillian Newton Washburn gave a novel barn dance tonight at her Newport villa to introduce her niece Miss Helen Louise Funnel, who is also to be introduced to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, New York, Chicago (and, if that isn't enough,) Palm Beach society this winter.

The Washburn residence was transformed for the occasion, and a barn yard scene created, even to having a litter of pigs snorting around in the coat room. The hall table was replaced by a pile of hay and a pitchfork was used by the merrymakers for cutting-in on the erstwhile farmers.

Miss Washburn sent out invitations engraved in rhyme on the stalks of corn and, as each guest came to the door he was kicked in the jaw by a novel mule arrangement, making him feel perfectly at home even before he got inside.

Mr. Bernarr Macfadden has gone to Danville, N. Y., with a couple of dumb-bells.

Mr. and Mrs. John Watson Gibbs, who have been abroad for the last three months and recently were the guests of Viscountess Hardcourt at Dunham Courtney, Oxford, England, will sail for New York the latter part of the month, chock full of tea and muffins.

Master Nathaniel P. Rathbon Jr. has returned from the boys' camp at Moosehead Lake where he has been out of the way all summer.

Mrs. N. P. Rathbon is now at home to her friends.

Mr. Sheridan Lardner has gone to Canada for several daze. —*Jack Cluett.*

Soprano-tremens

Wilbur—he's our adorable little six-tube radio receiver with a personality—is in a bad way. I had hoped that a summer of rest would cure him, but this fall he's worse than ever.

Little Wilbur started to develop Soprano-tremens late last spring. He'd be in a most receptive mood for band concerts, baritones or speeches but as soon as a soprano came on the air he developed heating of the tubes and ran a high fever. He trembled, he quivered, his coils choked up and his loud-speaker grew hoarse with suffering.

My wife used to turn off the program and cover him with a good warm blanket and by morning he'd seem to be himself again. But the first soprano note over the air caused a relapse. Oh yes, he's had operations—plenty of them. He's rid of a bad grid. We had an inflamed rheostat taken out in the spring. An abscessed diaphragm was removed by the best radio surgeon we could find. And just before we went to the country his frequency was scraped and a broadcast was taken out of his eye.

But now he's all jittery again. He seems to amplify off the handle at the first sound of a soprano voice. Aunt Emma suggests that we cut sopranos out entirely, but with the quick shifts in programs they'll sneak in a soprano before you can say *Floyd Gibbons*.

Business is bad and I really can't afford a new set. At the same time, I can't bear to see Wilbur suffer through a winter of household recipes and fashion hints from The Lido. Three of the best specialists in the city are looking him over tomorrow. If they pronounce his Soprano-tremens chronic, there's nothing left to do but to take him down to the river some dark night and put a merciful end to his suffering. Poor Wilbur—it's the only way!

—A. L. L.



POETICAL PETE

*Inquisitiveness is a vice;
I hope I'm much above it.
Research is quite another thing;
I positively love it.*

KEEPS TEETH WHITE

Many a friendship has started with a smile.

Captivating smiles come from gleaming white teeth.

To keep teeth white, chew Dentyne regularly.

It keeps teeth gleaming like pearls, and it's so delicious that you'll want to chew it morning, noon and night.



Chew **DENTYNE** *.. and smile!*

Dayton Stoddart, one of the better of the high-class exploiters, was holidaying in the mountains last week. Before exploring the most heavily wooded sectors, his guide said: "Are you afraid of rattlesnakes?"

"What?" ejaculated Dayton, "after twelve years on Broadway?"

—*New York Mirror.*

Wine jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. 50c sample Abbott's Bitters for 25c. Write Abbott's Bitters, Baltimore, Maryland

Answers to Anagrins
on Page 19

- (1) Stewed.
- (2) Negation.
- (3) Mayhem.
- (4) Censure.
- (5) Sugars.



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BITTERS

Use a Tablespoon in a Glass of Ginger Ale or Water. A Good Tonic and Palatable.

Sample of Bitters by mail 25 cts.
C. W. ABBOTT & CO.
Baltimore, Md.





LE MOMENT TRAGIQUE [THE TRAGIC MOMENT]

When you have decided to end it all . . . "regardez" (look) before you "sauvez" (leap) cheer up! There is much to live for. *Be nonchalant.*

LIGHT A MURAD

[PRONOUNCED PERFECT BY DISCRIMINATING SMOKERS]



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When your Son or Daughter goes to College.

include a Subscription to

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As a preventive of homesickness it is unequalled. A good, hearty laugh each week dissipates the blues, and *Life* has a laugh on every page. Try it for a half year, or, Obey That Impulse, and for a trial trip, avail yourself of our

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Enclosed find One Dollar (Foreign \$1.40). Send *Life* for the next ten weeks to

One year \$5

LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York
Foreign \$6.60 (LF)

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Twenty-five dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded, hot city. Won't you help?

Contributions (which are acknowledged in LIFE about four weeks after their receipt) should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 60 East 42nd Street, New York City.

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YOU know the kind of shave you've always wanted. Not too tight—not too dry. Just pleasantly mellow and smooth.

Squibb's Shaving Cream will give you a shave like that. It makes a gay blade of any razor—takes away the sting and the rasp—puts velvet comfort into every shave.

And more! Squibb's has two actions. It also replaces the delicate oils essential to the skin. Leaves a lasting comfort after you shave.

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SQUIBB'S SHAVING CREAM

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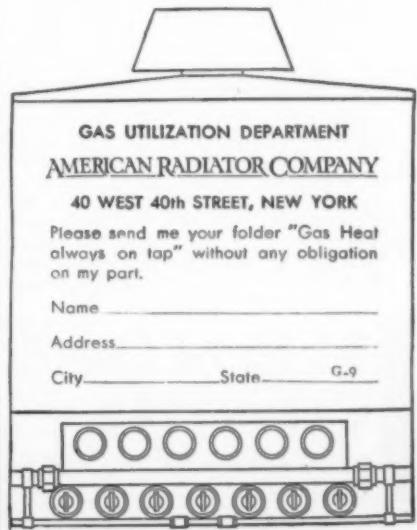
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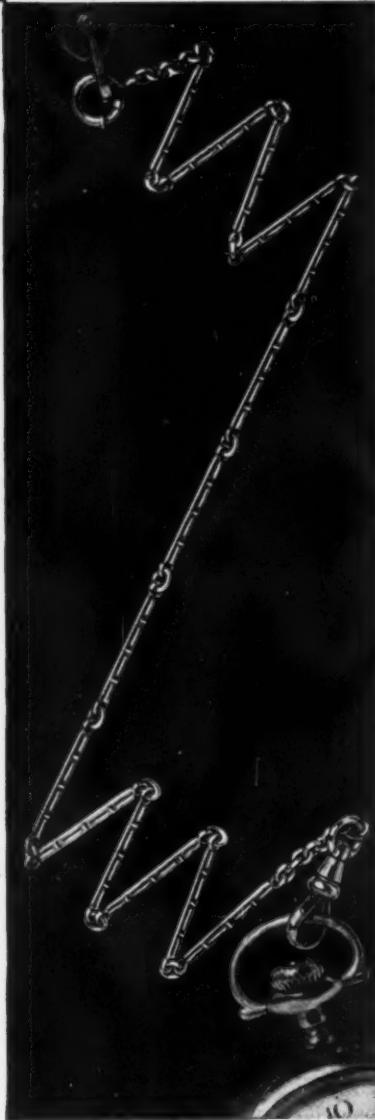
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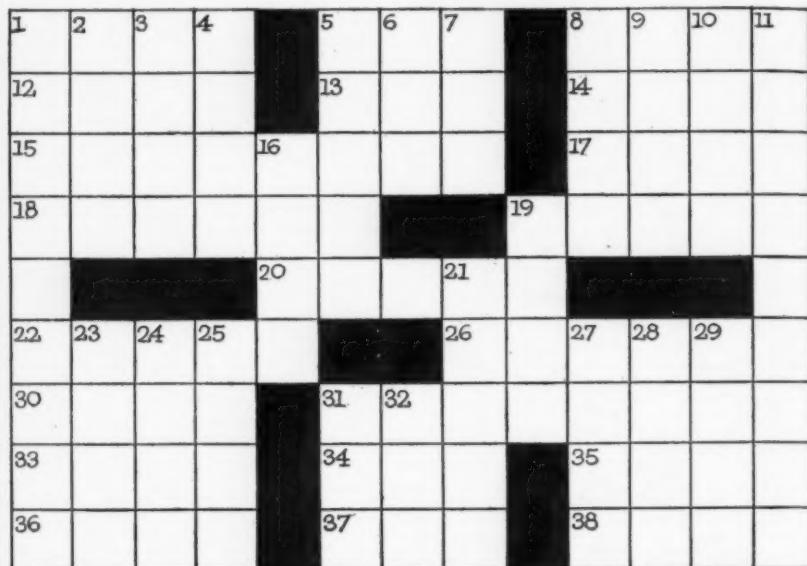
The swivel says
It's a Simmons

LIFE'S CROSS WORD PICTURE PUZZLE NO. 58

After you have solved the puzzle and got the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle, give your explanation of it in not more than 15 words.

Send in the completed puzzle with the title and your explanation. The cleverest explanations will be printed, and LIFE will pay \$5 for each one accepted.

Send all puzzles to Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York. Contest for this issue closes Oct. 4.



ACROSS

1. The boys who wear sailor hats.
5. Play a part.
8. This will give you a pain.
12. Musical instrument.
13. Piffle!
14. This sometimes gets under your hat.
15. Dessert.
17. Young salmon.
18. It looks fresh to drop this.
19. A wading bird.
20. This won't get you far in England.
22. Ottomans.
26. These come out of the kitchen.
30. A pressing matter.
31. Druggists' best friend.
33. What's in this?
34. A great commotion.
35. Sea bird.
36. —and Gusto.
37. Just a step ahead of a monkey.
38. This is always springing up.

DOWN

1. America's favorite sport.
2. What the bride promises with her fingers crossed.
3. Tree trunk.
4. An aquatic phocoid.
5. Remain.
6. This used to be rushed out of saloons.
7. Article.
8. Origin of many dreams.
9. Hebrew month.
10. Famous violinist.
11. All dressed up.
16. What the waiter got rich on.
19. A big crowd.
21. A tenet of the church.
23. Mountain chain in Russia.
24. When you're there—go native.
25. This is now kept under cover.
27. What the deadbeat does.
28. Mud.
29. Inflammation of the skin.
31. Famous uncle.
32. Feminine name.

THE PENTON PRESS CO., CLEVELAND



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SMOOTHNESS . . .

WILD geese fly hour after hour—from the far North to the South. You will find yourself thinking of them as you glide along with Ethyl Gasoline in the tank of your automobile.

Ethyl means a new smoothness to any motor, and easier, less tiring handling. That is because it contains Ethyl anti-knock compound, developed by General Motors Research Laboratories, after years of experiment to make gasoline a better motor fuel.

The new cars of higher compression need gasoline of Ethyl's anti-knock standard to deliver their additional power. But *any* car, whatever its type or age, runs better with Ethyl. It "knocks out that 'knock'" and improves performance in every respect.

Try a tankful this week-end. Test Ethyl under the hardest-driving conditions. You'll notice a big difference. The Ethyl emblem identifies all pumps selling Ethyl Gasoline. Look for it.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY



Wherever you see the Ethyl emblem, it means good gasoline of high anti-knock quality.



PRETTY CURVES WIN!

When tempted to over-indulge

"Reach for a Lucky instead"



Be moderate—be moderate in all things, even in smoking. Avoid that future shadow* by avoiding over-indulgence, if you would maintain that modern, ever-youthful figure. "Reach for a Lucky instead"

Lucky Strike, the finest Cigarette you ever smoked, made of the finest tobacco—The Cream of the Crop—"IT'S TOASTED." **Lucky Strike** has an extra, secret heating process. Everyone knows that heat purifies and so 20,679 physicians say that **Luckies** are less irritating to your throat.



© 1930, The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough.

*We do not say smoking **Luckies** reduces flesh. We do say when tempted to over-indulge, "Reach for a Lucky instead."

Sept.
26
1930